*Enter* Benuolio.

*Ben.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.
*Ro.* This dayes blacke fate, on moe dayes doth depend,
This but begins, the woe others muſt end.
*Ben.* Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.
*Ro.* He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heauen reſpectiue lenitie,
And fire and furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backagaine,
That late thou gaueſt me, for *Mercutio's* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt goe with him.
*Ti.* Thou wretched boy that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
*Ro.* This ſhall determine that.
*They fight.* Tibalt *falls.*
*Ben.* *Romeo*, away, be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* ſlaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence begone, away.
*Ro.* O, I am fortunes foole.
*Ben.* Why doſt thou ſtay?

*Exit.* Romeo.

*Enter Citizens.*

*Citi.* Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio?*
*Tibalt*, that murtherer, which way ran he?
*Benu.* There lyes that *Tibalt.*
*Citi.* Vp, ſir, goe with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, old* Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
*Ben.* O noble Prince, I can diſcouer all:
The vnluckie manage of this fatall brall,

There



There lyes the man ſlaine by young *Ro*
That ſlew thy kinſman, braue *Mercuti*
*Capu. Wi. Tibalt*, my Cozin, O my b
O Prince, O Cozin, husband, O the b
Of my deare kinſman, Prince, as thou
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of *Me*
O Cozin, Cozin.
*Prin. Benuolio*, who began this blo
*Ben. Tibalt* here ſlaine, whom *Romeo*
*Romeo* that ſpoke him faire, bid him b
How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd w
Your high diſpleaſure all this vttered.
With gentle breath, calme looke, knee
Could not take truce with the vnruly
Of *Tibalt* deafe to peace, but that he t
With peircing ſteele at bold *Mercutio*
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one
Cold death aſide, and with the other
It back to *Tibalt*, whoſe dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cryes aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter
His agill arme beates downe their fatal
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneath wh
An enuious thruſt from *Tibalt*, hit the
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fle
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertayn'd reuen
And too't they goe like lightning, for
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *T*
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and fli
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
*Ca. Wi.* He is a kinſman to the *Mon*
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes n
Some twentie of them fought in this bl
And all thoſe twentie could but kill on
I beg for Iuſtice, which thou, Prince, m

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)